full of lights and endless nights

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full of lights and endless nights

by sheshbxzzar

Summary

Will is a homo sapien being held captive as a sex slave by a Neanderthal tribe. Hannibal rescues him.

Notes

Note: none of the rape is between Will and Hannibal

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

Warnings: mention of rape, description of violence/blood, mentions of hunger

And just for clarity: the "Others" are Neanderthals. And Will is Homo sapiens.

It's a brisk winter night, and Will is freezing. He's also hungry, and thirsty, and acutely aware of how tight the rope around his neck is.

It's not that he isn't *used* to these feelings— He's been living like this for over a year, after all: held captive by a tribe of Others, naked and tied to a tree trunk by a length of rope, fed rarely, raped nightly. But the familiarity of the cold and hunger and thirst and pain that he experiences day in and day out doesn't make it any easier to endure, and some nights— most nights— he wishes the Others had just killed him along with the rest of his tribe.

It would have been kinder. But the Others aren't known for their kindness, are they?

Will sighs. His wrists are tied securely behind his back, but he clenches his fists, grits his teeth, and pulls at the bindings as hard as he can.

They don't give. They never do.

Will shuts his eyes. And eventually, somehow, he manages to sleep.

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It's a cool autumn evening, but Will is warm and comfortable as he lies beside Alana, his arm around her chest, his back to the fire burning a few feet away.The cave walls glow a soft, muted orange, and Will watches the shadows dancing on the stone as he runs his fingers through Alana's hair.

This is a dream. He *knows* it's a dream, knows that it's about to all go to shit, and he wills himself to wake up.

He can't.

He keeps dreaming.

For a few more minutes, all is calm. Alana's breaths are slow and steady, the fire is crackling quietly, and Will is on the verge of sleep.

Then he hears a bark, a growl— the tribe's guard dog, warning of danger. He sits up, shakes Alana awake.

"What is it?" she asks groggily.

"I don't know," says Will, but he grabs his club and gets to his feet, ready to investigate.

Somewhere outside, there's a scream. Then another, and another. And then a man appears at the mouth of Will's cave.

No, not a *man*, Will realizes, taking in his stature and the shape of his brow bone.

An Other. Fuck.

Will lunges forward, ready to attack, but the Other is too quick: he wrests the club from Will's grasp, hurls him to the ground, and pulls out a knife.

And as Will scrambles to get up, the Other slits Alana's throat.

Will stares. Dimly, he hears someone screaming. Even more dimly, he realizes that it's him.

A second Other enters the cave, and approaches Will with his spear held aloft. Will doesn't even hold up his hands in self-defense. Alana's dead. He wants to die too.

But then the first Other speaks sharply, in a language Will doesn't understand. The second Other halts, narrows his eyes. Nods.

He picks up Will's own club and bashes him over the head.

The world goes black.

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Will wakes up panting, his body drenched in sweat and his cheeks wet with tears.

It's stupid, he thinks. It's the same dream every fucking night— the Others' attack on his tribe, Alana's murder, his own capture. He should be numb to it by now.

But he's not. A year later, and he's still not.

Shakily, he draws his knees up toward his chest, trying to position his body so the tree roots don't dig into his bones quite so sharply.

It doesn't work. A sob escapes his throat.

Food, he tells himself, as he attempts to get a grip on his breathing. *Forget the dream. Think of food.*

So he does. He imagines the smell of the Others roasting a fresh kill over the fire. He pictures one of the chieftain's sons coming over and tossing a charred bit of flesh down in front of him, maybe a bigger piece than normal. He envisions himself leaning forward and biting into

it, letting the juices run down his chin. He can almost feel the meat sliding into his empty stomach, filling him up, warm and solid and heavy...

He eyelids close drowsily, and—

And fuck, there's Alana again, the blood gushing from her neck, her body twitching, her lips working to speak as her life slips away.

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Will opens his eyes. And he lies there, wide awake and shivering, and grimly waits for dawn.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

> Warnings: hunger, depictions of rape, something that might count as self-harm, mentions of death and dead bodies

See the end of the chapter for more notes

At last the sun rises, and the Others wake up. The females leave the campsite to gather food in the nearby forest, while the males set off to hunt. The mothers and their children stay behind in the caves and pay Will no mind.

Time passes— an hour, maybe two— and the male Others return carrying a large dead deer, the females trailing behind them carrying baskets full of roots and berries.

They Others all gather around the fire, the chieftain says a few words, and the tribe begins to eat their breakfast.

A few yards away, Will sits with his back against the tree trunk he's tied to and watches the Others feast. He tries not to notice how badly his empty belly aches, tries to swallow the saliva that floods his mouth at the sight of meat.

He feels so helpless, just sitting there, hungry and salivating, unable to ignore his body's desperate physical need. It's pathetic, really.

But it's been five fucking days since they've fed him, he tells himself. He's allowed to be hungry. It doesn't mean he's weak, it just—

Will sighs. The thing is, he *is* weak. If he were stronger, Alana might still be alive.

Absently, he rotates his wrists in their bindings, and revels in the chafing pain of rope against his skin, a welcome distraction. He squeezes his eyes shut and keeps going, keeps twisting his arms until long after he's sure his wrists are bleeding and raw under the rope, stopping only when he hears a grunt somewhere above him.

He opens his eyes.

The tribe's chieftain is standing there, staring down at him.

Will flinches.

The chieftain removes the fur covering from around his waist, exposing his erect cock, and takes a step forward. He grabs Will by the hair and speaks briefly in the Others' harsh, guttural language.

And Will may not understand the words, but he knows what's expected of him.

He gets to his knees, takes the chieftain's cock in his mouth, and begins to suck.

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When it's over, after the chieftain has pulled out and Will's choked down the bitter cum, his throat feels like it's on fire.

The chieftain laughs, slaps him on the cheek, and turns to go.

"Wait," Will says weakly. He grabs the woven, pitch-lined bowl that's sat empty beside him for the past day and a half. "More water," he begs. "Please."

The chieftain squints at him, then nods grudgingly.

Will practically slumps over in relief. "Thank you," he breathes, hating how passive he sounds, how docile. "Thank you so much."

The chieftain tugs hard on one of his curls, says something roughly, and laughs. Then he spits in Will's face and walks away.

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It's a long time before a young female Other arrives and sets down a full bowl of water on the ground in front of Will.

Will scrambles forward, pulling taut the length of rope between his neck and the tree trunk, and begins to drink.

It tastes so good, so fucking good—

Nearby, the Other picks up the old, empty bowl and leaves silently.

Will drinks until his shrunken stomach is so full that he thinks he might vomit.

But he doesn't, he keeps it down, and the next few hours prove significantly less agonizing than the previous ones. The campsite is quiet. The males are out hunting again.

Will even drifts off to sleep a few times, and dreams of fishing in a river like he used to, a lifetime ago.

He wakes up to shouting.

The Others have returned from the hunt, but they're not carrying an animal, they're carrying a body.

Will squints. It's one of the Others, he recognizes. A member of the tribe. He's missing both his legs, and his head is lolling back unnaturally.

Dead, then, Will realizes.

Murdered, says something within him, *murdered by someone who took his legs.*

Will frowns, and watches as the Others spend the rest of the day carrying out various esoteric funeral rites, which culminate in the transportation of the dead Other back into the forest— to be buried, Will assumes.

As darkness falls, the Others eat the remainder of the morning's deer carcass for dinner. No one brings Will any of the food, but no one fucks him either.

Then the Others retreat to their caves for the night, and Will curls up facing the tree.

His hunger is back, and his neck and wrists hurt from their bindings, but at some point he must fall asleep, because he dreams: the same old painful dream as always, of the Others attacking Will's tribe, cutting Alana's throat, knocking Will out...

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And this time, the dream continues even after he comes to, now held tightly in the arms of an Other, his hands and feet bound, his mouth gagged.

He lifts his head, squirming against the Other's firm grasp, and realizes that he is, in fact, *surrounded* by Others: a whole tribe of them, carrying weapons and stinking of blood. The blood of Will's tribe.

Will sobs, and continues to struggle uselessly in the Other's arms until they reach their destination, a campsite high in the mountains. Will is set down and dragged into a large cave, where he is solemnly presented to an imposing-looking male Other, someone Will can only assume is the tribe's chieftain.

The chieftain strips Will naked and circles him, seeming pleased. He dismisses the Others who brought Will to him.

This isn't real, Will tells himself, fighting to wake up. *It's just a dream.*

But then the chieftain throws Will to the ground, still bound and gagged, and rapes him. And it sure doesn't feel like a dream. It never does.

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Will wakes up crying. He doesn't sleep the rest of the night.

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The next day dawns cloudy, and the morning passes as usual. The males hunt, the females gather, and then the tribe eats breakfast. Will receives no portion of it.

It's been six days now since he last ate. He sits with his knees drawn up to his chest and wonders if they plan on ever feeding him again.

After breakfast, the chieftain's oldest son fucks him violently against the tree, and Will spends the next few hours attempting to ignore the sensation of cum dripping out of his ass and drying on his thighs.

Then comes the scream— one of the females, from somewhere in the forest.

The mothers and children step cautiously out of their caves, glancing around. It isn't long before a few older females emerge from the trees and begin to speak frantically, pointing back at the forest. Some of them are crying.

Then a group of males appear, carrying something that looks like— another body?

They set it down carefully, and Will can't help but inhale sharply when he sees what it is: a female Other, a teenager, completely nude, her body impaled on the antlers of a stag head.

The Others begin their funeral rites for the second time is many days, and Will is left watching from afar, deep in thought.

He'd already been sure, somehow, that the dead Other yesterday had been murdered, but this second death confirms it. The staging of her body— almost ritualistic, with the stag head— can't have been anything but intentional.

Which leaves the obvious question: Who's the murderer?

Were they killed by a rival tribe? Will doubts it. For as long as Will's been with this group of Others, he hasn't seen any evidence of nearby rivals. Then perhaps a member of *this* tribe? Will doubts that too.

The killer is an outsider, Will's gut tells him.

And he's going to kill again.

And Will is still hungry and cold, and there's still cum crusted on his legs and ass, and the ropes cutting into his skin still hurt like hell— but he feels something rising in his chest, something like excitement.

He turns the situation over in his mind for hours, until eventually sleep finds him. And that night, for the first time in months, he doesn't dream.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter: Hannibal!

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Hannibal arrives

Chapter Notes

Warnings: mention of a dead body, mention of blood

I also updated earlier today, so read chapter 2 first if you haven't yet!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will wakes up to the feeling of something warm pressed against his mouth.

He opens his eyes. It's still dark, but he can make out a male Other kneeling before him, dressed in thick furs. He has his hand over Will's mouth, and his expression, illuminated by the moonlight, is somber.

Will doesn't recognize him, so he isn't a member of the tribe. And although he looks basically how all Others do (his shoulders broad, his brow strong, the planes of his face flat), those features that seem so monstrous on most Others look *different* on this one. Softer. Almost—beautiful.

Will stares, and the Other gazes back. Then, quietly, he begins to speak.

Will doesn't understand him, of course; he can't speak the Others' language.

But soon the Other breaks off, seeming to notice Will's blank expression.

"I apologize," he says, this time in an accented version of Will's own language. "I should have guessed from your appearance."

Something inside of Will twists at the sound of these words, the first comprehensible sentences he's heard spoken since he was captured over a year ago.

"I do not intend to hurt you," the Other goes on. "But before I remove my hand, you must promise me that you will make no loud noises, and do nothing that could wake those who are sleeping nearby. Do you promise?"

Will nods haltingly.

"Good," says the Other, with a slight quirk of his lips. He lifts his hand from Will's face, rises to his feet, and takes a step back. "Stand up," he says.

Shakily, Will stands. And as he does, his gaze falls upon the ground, where the body of one of the chieftain's sons lies, its chest cut open and filled with— flowers, or something, Will thinks. It's hard to tell in the darkness.

"It's *you*," Will says to the Other, his eyes fixed on the moonlit corpse. "You're the killer." Strangely, he feels no fear.

"Yes," says the Other, sounding almost amused. "I am." He glances back briefly, as if to admire his handiwork, then turns to face Will again. "And you are this tribe's prisoner," he says.

Without meeting the Other's eye, Will nods. That's one way of putting it, he thinks bitterly.

The Other reaches out, and gently, very gently, ghosts his fingers over the rope around Will's neck, then down the rungs of his protruding ribs, over the dip of his hollow belly. Will holds his breath. The Other's touch isn't exactly *kind*, it's too clinical for that, but it's the first non-violent touch Will has felt in so, so long.

And he knows, instinctively, that although this Other is a murderer, he himself is in no danger from him.

"You are ill-treated by them," the Other observes, retracting his hand. "They starve you. Rape you. Beat you. Humiliate you."

"Yes," says Will. There's no use denying it, not when they both know it's true.

"How discourteous," muses the Other. Then, suddenly, he produces a stone knife from his furs and lifts it to Will's throat. For a fraction of a second Will wonders if he could possibly have been wrong, if this Other *does* intend to kill him, but before the thought can even fully crystallize in his mind, the knife has sliced cleanly through the rope around his neck. Will stumbles forward, and the Other grabs Will's shoulder to steady him.

"Are you alright?" he asks.

Will nods, breathless.

"Good. Turn around."

Will does so.

"Hold still," the Other instructs, and he begins to cut through the ropes that bind Will's wrists. When the ropes drop to the ground, Will lifts his hands to his face with mingled relief and disgust. His wrists are a mess: raw and oozing, covered in bloody abraded skin and half-healed scabs and angry-looking pus. He's sure his neck is in a similar state.

"Your wounds are infected," the Other says softly from behind him. "You will need medical care— healing salves, and so forth. Fortunately for you, I am skilled in the medicinal arts."

Will turns around, blinks. "You can— you'll help me?" he asks hoarsely.

"Have I not done so already?" says the Other.

Will isn't sure how to reply. "Who are you?" he asks at last. "Why are you doing this?"

"You interest me," the Other says. His expression is unreadable.

"Do you want me to— to suck your cock, or something?" Will asks, then bites his lip, hating himself, hating what he's become.

"No," says the Other. "But I do want you to come with me. Can you walk?"

Will takes a deep breath. "I don't know," he admits. "I— it's been a long time." The most he was able to do while tied up was walk in a circle around the tree.

"Try," the Other urges him.

Will nods dutifully, and takes a few tentative steps forward. His legs tremble beneath him. He feels, suddenly, overwhelmingly ashamed— at his weakness, his nakedness, his emaciation. "I'm sorry," he mutters, coming to a stop.

"There is no need to apologize," the Other says. "Put your arm around my shoulders. We will walk together."

So Will drapes his arm over the Other's wide shoulders, and the Other loops his own arm around Will's waist.

"My name is Hannibal," he says.

"Will," mumbles Will.

And with that, the two of them begin to make their way down the mountain.

Chapter End Notes

comments are always appreciated and will make my day more than you could ever imagine!!

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Warnings: hunger, food

See the end of the chapter for more notes

They stop to rest several times, for Will's sake, as they wind down the mountainside.

"We are very nearly there," Hannibal tells him after what feels like hours, as Will leans against the craggy rock face, breathing hard and shivering.

Will nods weakly.

"Your lack of stamina is nothing to be embarrassed by," Hannibal says then, as if reading Will's mind. "Your muscles are atrophied. You are severely malnourished and dehydrated. It's a marvel that you're holding up as well as you are, all things considered."

Will scoffs at that, but he appreciates the sentiment. "I think— I think I'm good now," he says. "We can keep walking."

So they do.

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The sun is beginning to rise when they finally reach the base of the mountain.

Hannibal gestures toward a tall, narrow break in the rock, something Will would surely have overlooked if he'd been alone, especially in the dim morning light.

"After you," Hannibal says, with a brief inclination of his head.

So Will angles himself through the opening, which leads into a large, dark cavern. It smells like food, he can't help but notice, like meat and herbs and *fuck*, Will is so fucking hungry—

"I'll light the fire," says Hannibal, his voice echoing off the cave walls as he enters behind Will. Will hears Hannibal's footsteps going past him, followed by a noise he recognizes as flint being struck. Sparks fly through the darkness, and Hannibal crouches down and fans them into a flame.

"Come," he bids Will. "Have a seat."

Gratefully, Will drops to his knees in front of the small fire, holding out his freezing hands toward the heat. Hannibal prods at the kindling, stoking the flames until they've reached a

satisfactory height.

The light from the fire illuminates the entire cave now, including the walls, which are decorated with paintings, and the ceiling, where—

Will stares hungrily. Stretched across the ceiling is a line of string, hanging with what appear to be large, dried pieces of meat. And Will feels his stomach lurch, feels himself grow almost nauseous with need, clawing need. For food, he thinks, for nourishment. Even just a little bit, just one tiny piece...

But although Hannibal seems to follow Will's gaze, he makes no offer of food.

And so, stubbornly, Will swallows his saliva and inches closer to the fire, watching out of the corner of his eye as Hannibal stands up and fetches something from the corner of the cave.

Furs, he realizes, as Hannibal holds the small bundle out to him. "You are still cold," Hannibal says. "Dress yourself." He leans down briefly, touches Will's shoulder— and Will has the distinct impression that before standing back up, Hannibal inhales deeply.

"Did you just *smell* me?" Will asks, squinting up at him.

"Difficult to avoid," says Hannibal. "I have a keen sense of smell. And you are in need of bathing."

"Oh," mumbles Will. It's true, of course. He hasn't bathed in more than a year. "What do I, uh... smell like?"

Hannibal seems to consider him for a moment before replying. "Semen," he says at last. "Sweat. Blood. Infection. Malnutrition. Urine. Excrement."

Will looks away, feeling his cheeks flush. He shouldn't have asked. "They never untied me," he feels the need to explain, staring down at the folded furs in his lap. "I had to piss and shit right there by the tree, right near where I slept. And without my hands, I couldn't even aim, you know? The piss would all just run down my legs..."

"You're shivering, Will," is Hannibal's only reply. "Please get dressed."

And so, still blushing, Will roots through the pile of furs, quickly finding a shirt and a pair of trousers. He frowns. He hadn't known that Others could *make* clothes like this— the tribe he'd been with had always just worn ragged cloaks and a couple scraps of fur around their waists.

"I take pride in my sewing," Hannibal offers.

Will glances at him, decides not to question it, and pulls on the clothing, which is much too big but very soft. There's a blanket too, which he wraps around himself tightly. "Thank you," he sighs, feeling his muscles relax, warm at last for the first time in months.

"My pleasure," says Hannibal. "And now, it's time that you had something to eat."

Will's eyes widen, his mouth beginning to water at the words. "Really?" he breathes.

"Yes, of course," says Hannibal. "You need sustenance." He pauses. "How long has it been since you were fed?"

"A week."

Hannibal nods slowly. "Then I think it would be best for us to start with something small. Half a slab of jerky, plus a generous helping of nuts and berries. How does that sound?"

"Please," Will whispers. "Please, I'll do anything, I'll—"

"You need not offer me sexual favors, Will," says Hannibal.

Will ducks his head down, mortified, and watches through his eyelashes as Hannibal sets out a small woven mat on the floor of the cave. He then retrieves one of the pieces of dry meat, cuts it in half deftly, and holds it out to Will. Will snatches it from him, his head spinning with hunger.

"Slowly," Hannibal cautions. His voice is gentle.

Will nods, and begins to eat— perhaps not *slowly*, but nowhere near as fast as he'd like to.

And fuck, the meat tastes amazing: heady and salty and rich, smoked and dried to perfection, easily the best thing Will's eaten since his capture. The Others had always just given him offal, scraps, bones— whatever bits they deemed too burned or gristly or rotten to eat themselves.

He closes his eyes as he swallows, unable to stop a soft, wanton moan from escaping his lips.

"I take it the jerky is to your liking?" Hannibal asks, his eyes sparkling in the firelight.

"Yes," Will tells him, as he takes another bite. "Fuck, yes, thank you—"

"I am pleased to hear that," says Hannibal, handing him a satchel of cloth containing copious nuts and berries.

Will keeps eating until he finishes the jerky, then grabs a handful of berries and pops a few in his mouth. They're sweet and juicy, beautifully ripe.

"Fuck, where did you find these berries in the middle of winter?" Will asks, savoring the way the juice fills his mouth as he chews.

"High in the mountains," says Hannibal. "They grow on a very rare species of bush. Difficult to obtain, but well worth the effort."

Will is barely listening, to be honest; he's too consumed with pleasure to think straight. He eats a few more berries and then moves on to the nuts, which he finds just as good as the berries— and different than any nuts that the women from his own tribe ever gathered. "Did you... salt them?" he asks incredulously.

"I did."

"They're incredible."

"You are a wonderful guest, Will," Hannibal says lightly. "Though given your starved condition, I have my suspicions that your praise is more enthusiastic than such a humble meal would ordinarily deserve."

Will laughs at that— a true, genuine laugh for the first time in so fucking long. "No," he says earnestly, "believe me, this food would be delicious no matter what." He licks the berry juice off his fingers and glances up. "I've never tasted anything like it."

Hannibal says nothing, just smiles at Will from across the fire, a brief, enigmatic smile.

He's a killer, Will reminds himself.

But Will just smiles back, and nestles deeper into the warm fur blanket, and eats until he's full.

Chapter End Notes

thanks for reading! i'm not sure if there will be one more chapter or two, but we'll see!

comments mean the world <3

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!